

THE GREAT SETTING OF EVERLASTING HILLS.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.



VEN in the unconventional West, the freedom with which the denizens of the place came into the office and pried the type was something rather remarkable. Colonel Slocum expressed the opinion that we oughter glue it together so it wouldn't be so darned touchy, and we really gave the suggestion serious attention. Mr. Milo Bush did not often disturb the type, but his conversational displays were sometimes rather disconcerting. We were forced to bear the brunt of his numerous stories, most of the older residents being immune from many repetitions. His idea seemed to be that nothing was too stiff for us, especially after he had made a show of paying something on his subscription—an adroit operation which consisted in turning in a quarter with considerable flourish and borrowing half a dollar the next day.

One day, after having performed the first part of this transaction, he dropped both feet into the capacious waste basket and told a story of one Hendershot, a former more or less mythical resident of the town. I had heard other stories of Hendershot from both Mr. Bush and Abner Blackmark, and I am inclined to think that he at some time existed.

"Well, now, Hendershot was all right," said Mr. Bush on the occasion in question. "You know about Hendershot—Hi Hendershot, who used to run the Headquarters Hotel? Hendershot—yes, yes; quite a man, Hendershot was. Couldn't tell you all about Hendershot if I took a week off. Wish I had all the money I lent Hendershot," and he heaved a sigh meant to be pathetic, as calmly as if he didn't know that I knew he never lent any money to anybody in his life; but, on the contrary, owed money to every man in town.

"Reckless, Hendershot was, with his money. Bet on some fool thing, or give it away, or lose it, or anything. Hadn't thought of Hendershot for a dog's age till last night when I was a reading that item in your paper about the hen's egg old Deacon Brown fetched you, eight inches in diameter. [The egg was eight inches in circumference, but Mr. Bush never recognized such minor points of mere fact.] Made me think of Hendershot's old speckled hen, Everlasting. Everlasting Hills was her full name, 'cause she set just like 'em, or more so. More so, I reckon, 'cause a yearback she will wreck a hill a good deal, but it couldn't never move that old hen. She never spent any time laying eggs like the Deacon's, nor no other size, not so far as I ever heard. Her object in life was setting.

"She preferred eggs to set on, but when they wasn't handy, wasn't above anything else. Next to real eggs, of course, she'd take artificial ones—these here china nesteggs. Seemed to get more satisfaction out of 'em than she could out of cornucops, or a piece of chalk, or a brickbat. Next to porcelain eggs she cottoned to door-knobs, white fast, brindle if she couldn't get white. Preferred 'em on the ground, but, if necessary, could fly up and make the attempt to hatch 'em out right on the door, bracing one foot on the key, and squawking a good deal down in her throat if anybody opened the door. Powerful hand to go Quawk! quawk!—just like that—way down in her throat, if she was disturbed when she was setting. Hopped on to the back platform of the passenger train one day and set down on the bright head of a bolt. Seen her mistake at the section station down, and come back on the freight, setting on a chunk of coal in the tender. Cyclone blowing away the coop one day, but old Everlasting just froze to the ground and kept the broken teacup she was setting on safe and warm. Most of the feathers had been snaked off by the force of the wind, but when old Hendershot went out, tickled half to death to see her there, and tried to pat her on the back, she just squawked down in her throat and snatched a dab at his hand which drew the blood. Gamiest hen in the Territory; if a billing yoldster had bust out in the back yard she'd blistered her feet setting on the stones it hove up.

"But the old hen wasn't such a blamed fool, after all. When she had set on anything three weeks without results she began to get suspicious, and to sort o' look hard with one eye fore she got back on the nest. Then when another week was up, she would just light out and leave whatever it was and look around for something else. Her judgment was bad on making just choice, but she knew when she'd got enough.

"Well, it run along till that hen had set on just about everything in sight, and she was getting pretty hard up for setting material. One day Hendershot was in the billiard-room having a game with Judge Longsdorf, and he was a-nursing the balls, gentle like, down along the rail into one corner, when suddenly that old critter of a speckled hen up and flew into the window with two squawks and forty clucks, snatched a dab at the egg, and just gathered them four balls under her wing and set down on 'em, and closed her eyes peaceful, and began to breathe deep and steady, as

much as to say, 'Thank heaving, at last I am rewarded!'

"Well, at first Hendershot was plumb beat. Then says he: 'Boys, don't tech her! Give the hen a chance! Bet you she never stirs for four weeks 'cept once a day to get a bite to eat.' Hendershot, he couldn't be satisfied, and kept walking around the hen and trying to rig up some scheme to get a bet on her. Offered five to one on her ag'in any other hen, and said the other man might provide his hen with a regular nest and china eggs. Said he'd put Everlasting ag'in any other two hens, the others to follow each other. Finally offered to bet that the fowl would hatch out the billiard balls, red and white ivory chickens, but everybody fit shy of even this offer, 'cause nobody knewed what the old speckled thing couldn't do. Finally he give up, and said he'd just make an exhibition set of it, and chalked down the date on the wall, and told strangers who dropped in that it was a grand set ag'in time, an attempt to lower the world's record under the auspices of the International Setting Hen Association.

"Along toward night, when Hendershot was standing and admiring her, and pointing out that she hadn't moved a feather since she set down, in come a sandy-haired feller with a red face, and wearing one of these fore-and-aft caps, and funny-looking clothes generally, and squinted his eyes around and seen the hen, and said the feller:

"'Oh, I say,' says he, just like that—'oh, I say, you know, what's the bloom'n' bird on the table for?'

"'She's a setting on four billiard balls,' answers Hendershot, proud as Lucifer.

"'Extraordinary, by jove!' says the feller; 'does she think she can hatch 'em?'

"'That's her jeez. And I don't know but she might 'you hear wot I say?' says Hendershot, swelling up with pride.

"'Oh, I say, now, she'll soon get tired of that you know. Hens can't hatch out billiard balls.'

"'Bet you twenty-five dollars she keeps trying for three weeks anyhow,' answers Hendershot.

"'I'll go on on that,' says the feller.

"'Bet you fifty dollars she keeps at it the fourth week,' says Hendershot.

"'Go you again,' says the feller.

"'Bet you a hundred she holds out the fifth week,' keeps on Hendershot, getting excited.

"'Take that, too,' comes back the feller.

"'All right,' said Hendershot; 'put up your money.'

"'Oh, I say, I'm not used to that, you know. Don't do that way in England, my dear sir. We're gentlemen—I'll just record it in my betting-book, you know, and he pulls out a small book and looks along down the page and sort o' begins reading to himself, like this: 'His 'Ighness, fifty guineas on the sweepstake; Juke of Blackwater, a pony on the Goodwood cup; Lady Bink, box o' gloves,' and then he scratched down something, saying, 'Landlord, \$175 on hen.'

"Well, Hendershot he caught right on, and he wasn't to be outdone, so says he 'Of course that's all right, my lord—both gentlemen—certainly—I'll just put it down in my betting-book,' and he dragged out a copy of the Smith Patent Pill Company's Farmers' and Mechanics' Account Book and runs his finger down the page, sort o' talking to himself—'The sweepstake, five hundred on boss trot; Chief Justice Supreme Court, \$40 on dog fight,' and then he scratched down, 'Landlord, \$175 on Everlasting hen.'

"Then says the fellow: 'I'm out on a little hunting trip—think I'll just stay at your house.' Well, Hendershot was tickled to have him, and put him in the best room in the house, and gave orders that nothing was too good for him. And he was just the kind that knowed good things, and he went right in and made himself at home—had extra grub every meal, lively teams each day to go out hunting partridge chickens, and all that kind o' thing and run up a bill like the national debt. But Hendershot was tickled to death over it, and used to spend half his time talking with the feller 'bout the Jukes and things he knowed in England.

"And old Everlasting just set on. They left the window open so she could get out when she wanted to. It was always her way to hop off the nest just at sunrise every morning, and hustle around and pick up a handful or two of gravel and be back on in ten minutes. Every morning before breakfast Hendershot took a look at her, and during the day he had an eye on her most of the time. Fenced off that corner of the room so that she wouldn't be disturbed, and put up a shade so's the light wouldn't hurt her eyes.

"Well, at the end of three weeks Hendershot couldn't hardly contain himself, 'cause he'd won the first bet. 'That's ag'in me, 'pon my honor,' says the Britisher, noting it down in his book; 'but I'll win on the next week's,' and he give his bill another h'ist. Once Hendershot presented his bill, but the Britisher waved it away sort o' graceful and said he'd fix it when they settled the bets. 'That's all right, my lord,' says Hendershot. 'All gentlemen, you know,' and the Britisher boosted his livery bill again.

"When the fourth week ended the hen was still setting right along, and the Englishman owned up best ag'in.

"Same way at the end of the fifth week. Hendershot was so tickled that he couldn't hardly talk. 'But I say, you ought to give me a chance for my revenge,' says the Britisher; 'go you another week for two hundred.' 'All right,' says Hendershot. And he won ag'in, I'll be hanged if he didn't. 'Double the bet and you go ag'in,' says the Englishman. 'British pluck, you know—never say die,' Hendershot agreed, with some remark about the American eagle. 'Tell you what,' says he to Judge Longsdorf, 'old Everlasting is just making the set of her life. It's the billiard balls being so natural, you see. Being used to cornucops and chunks of bricks so long that a billiard ball gives her new hope. I'll go him one more week at \$800 if she holds out and he'll do it.'

"Well, she held out all right enough, and the Britisher was ready to try it ag'in. 'England expects every man to do his duty,' says he. 'There you are, Mr. Landlord.' 'The eighth week was up at four o'clock a Thursday afternoon, and they'd agreed that it was to be the last. A few minutes before four Hendershot was walking about pretty nervous, with one eye on old Everlasting.

"'She's a-going to do it,' says he. 'She ain't moved a feather. She's right there. She's a-winning money for me. To-night I'll give her a nest and thirteen eggs as her reward. Yes, sir; thirteen geniooos eggs, you understand—eggs that will hatch. She's the greatest fowl in the United States. I'll back old Everlasting Hills ag'in the world.'

"Just then in walks the clerk, and says he: 'That Englishman left on the one o'clock train. Did he pay his bill?'

"'Great beeswax, no,' yells Hendershot. 'Two hundred dollars, it's a cent! Nor the bet, neither! You blamed old speckled fraud!' and he reaches over and gives the hen a poke with the billiard cue, and she rolls over with her feet up.

"Then Judge Longsdorf picks her up and she didn't weigh more than six ounces. 'Why,' says he, 'she's got glass eyes and wire in her neck. That feller must 'a' been a taxidermist and stuffed her about four weeks ago!'

"Well, when Hendershot could stand up without help, he said some things—also without help—but there's no use of my telling you what they was, 'cause they wasn't things you could print in your paper, and there's no sense in your bothering with things you can't use. Just go ahead and make an editorial of this, and draw a moral on the sinfulness of betting if you want to, which I've always said it was, ever since I bet ag'in my own boss and the critter got scared and run away and come in ten rods ahead, which I'll tell you about some other time,' and he went out and left me to finish the article I was writing, urging people to dig deeper cyclone cellars.—Saturday Evening Post.

SOUTHERN STEEL.

Beginning of an Enormous Industry—Steel Roll Mills to Follow Cotton Mills.

The beginning of the manufacture of steel at Ensley, near Birmingham, Ala., recently is a striking and important fact of great significance for Southern industry. Three furnaces out of the ten that have been under construction began to make steel on Thanksgiving Day and the other seven are soon to be in operation. Where pig-iron can be made most cheaply, steel also can be made at least cost, so that we are now witnessing the first steps of a movement that means a vast development.

Hitherto the South has been producing pig for sale to steelmakers in the North. Much pig has also been exported to England and other countries. The significance of the event at Ensley is that it points to a time not far distant when steel rails, armor for warships, steel ships, tinplate, structural shapes, etc., will be Southern products. Other steelmaking plants are already, we are told, in contemplation and several rolling mills are building.

Low cost of production is nowadays the controlling factor in the location of new industries. It is the breeze that waits the cotton manufacturing industry slowly from New England to the Carolinas. It is the beginning that is difficult. After the first cotton mills had shown the way to success, others followed in quick succession. So it may be expected the success of steel making at Ensley will have large results.—Baltimore Sun.

Agriculture in the Klondyke.

Such of us as regard the Klondyke as a cheerless, arid waste of ice are surprised at the statement of a resident of Dawson City, sent to Washington by Vice Consul Morrison. 'Grain has done exceptionally well, and I see no reason why it should not be extensively and successfully grown here. I see no reason why this country should not be able to produce its own vegetables and grains. The success I have had with flowers proves that all hardy annuals will do well. The coming year I intend planting several hundred hybrid roses; also summer flowering bulbs, a large variety of other hardy and half-hardy annuals, and some of the hardy perennials. Small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, blackberries and raspberries, should do well. Currants, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries and blueberries grow wild here.'—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

Boers Have Plenty of Ammunition.

The quantity of ammunition stored in the Transvaal is absolutely colossal, and would suffice for ten years' war, even at the present rate of usage.

JOHN I. BLAIR'S PRECEPTS.

Business Rules For the Guidance of His Clerks.

When John I. Blair, who died recently, worth from \$50,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and who is said to have owned in the course of his ninety odd years of life more railroads and also more land than any other private individual in the world, kept a country store at Gravel Hill (now Blairtown) in New Jersey, in 1831, he employed two clerks. He had then been in business for himself eleven years. He had set up for himself before he was eighteen years old.

For his two clerks he wrote out a set of rules. The original, in Mr. Blair's handwriting, was given by the late Charles D. Vail to William C. Howell, who has had it in his possession for forty years. The reward of \$5 referred to in the rules was claimed by Aaron H. Kesey, then one of Mr. Blair's two clerks. The document is as follows:

"RULES & REGULATIONS TO BE OBSERVED BY J. I. BLAIR'S CLERKS.

"1st. The Storehouse and the Goods in the same—to be kept in the most perfect order. Nothing to be permitted to Lie in a Slovenly manner about the floor. Neither clothes, shoes, Goods or any other article.

"2nd. No article of Goods, clothing, or any other matter, to be made use of unnecessarily. But in the most prudent and respectable manner. This is a matter worthy to be observed and Lived up to; as carelessness, and Negligence is the ruin of all Business; and this particular, above all others, ought to be most strictly, and prudently observed; in order to make a Merchant, or any other good Citizen. Unless this Principle, the most important of all, is lived up to, it is useless to undertake any Business, whatever, with the Idea of Making a Living. And any person who does not live up to this Rule of conduct loses my confidence.

"3rd. Every article of store Goods to be kept in their place, in the most respectable, and neatest manner and order.

"4th. The Books are to be kept posted up by the head clerk, and every item examined by the first and second clerk, the Charges and postage thereof; that in no case mistake can be found. Which, if so done, will give our business a character worthy of notice; and Appreciated by our customers and ourselves.

"5th. I cannot allow my clerks to associate too much with loose and immoral characters; nor frequent the Taverns. Neither do I wish them to scuffle or wrestle with such, but pride themselves above this, as no good can result from it, but a Great Injury, it will bring on them, such as slothfulness and lounging about the store. And those characters will take many privileges in my absence, which would give uneasiness.

"6th. I wish my clerks on the Sabbath to go Regular to church. This is a good principle. It sets a good example to others, if they should not be immediately benefited by it.

"7. Never permit yourself to use seven brooms to sweep the house with; neither five bliekies to keep water in; and other like extravagances, in proportion. Those principles of extravagance are disgusting, and would ruin any man in due time. Can you think it looks better, or why is it done?

"8th. The Great Principles of trade are these and must be observed by any person, going into business or carrying on same; which are: Be strictly attentive always to your business. Be Punctual in all Matters. Be careful and economizing in all things. Make the best of all things you have. Watch the situation of your accounts. Strictly attend to your collections; moderately pressing the debtor when he has funds that you know of. If dunned, in due form, you generally succeed. Always know the Situation of your own Affairs. Avoid riding or going to any place where you have no business. It is always better to attend to your business. If you contract debts, look ahead and make calculations to pay them.

"9th. A decent, careful, prudent man will appear much better in a Hemp Suit, than a slovenly, careless fop in a Silk Suit.

"N. B. The clerk best complying with the above rules shall be paid on the first of next April five dollars, and if both live up to it, five dollars each, with my good will.

"N. B. Always consider that you are doing business for yourselves, when you do my business. If you live up to the Rules laid down, I will make men of you, and it will make men of yourselves. All that I can do for you would be of no Service, if you don't comply with my rules, and follow my advice.

"If you pursue the course I have laid down, all will be safe, and I shall have the pleasure of keeping good natured; but if not all will be confusion, and I must Eternally find fault."

A Peripatetic London Church.

St. Bartholomew's Church, Moor Lane, is (once more) on the move. Among ecclesiastical establishments it is a regular vagrant, but, unlike most rolling stones, it has gathered a good deal of moss in the way of endowment. Originally this ambulant building stood on the site of the Sun insurance office, but, having no parishioners, was bodily moved to its present position about fifty years ago. Now it is to be demolished once more and re-erected, stone by stone, in some populous suburb. St. Bartholomew the Wanderer may fairly be said that this recrudescence of nomadic habits is not due to flightiness, but to the centrifugal tendency of modern Londoners, who no longer live, like their medieval forefathers, over their places of business and playfully empty from their upper windows their dustbins on the heads of innocent wayfarers.—London Telegraph.

If you think of taking a course for the Census or for Civil Service we can be of assistance to you.

We do not pretend to give you the questions you will be asked, but we know the scope of the examinations and we instruct you along the proper lines and no time is wasted on subjects that do not pertain to the examination. Only a small percentage of those who enter the examinations succeed in passing with an average sufficiently high to place them on the eligible list. In the Civil Service it is not sufficient for one to simply pass the examination, but it is necessary for him to pass with an average that will place his name sufficiently high on the list of eligibles for his name to be reached when a clerk is called for from his State. Our charges for preparation are ten dollars, and for this sum we will prepare you until you pass the examination. If for any reason you should fail the first time, it will cost you nothing to take the examination again. Not one of our pupils so far has failed to pass the Census office examination, and by reading the following testimonials you will see that many of them have already been successful. Your attention is called to the strong endorsement of Hon. Herman W. Snow, ex-Congressman from 9th district, Illinois. He sent his son to our school and delivered the annual address at our commencement exercises, and he knew all about our work and our success in securing employment for our pupils. The following is his testimonial: "For thorough course and genial and efficient teachers this school has no equal. In the way of securing positions it is not surpassed by any in Washington." Our school is highly endorsed by Messrs. Weller & Repetti, the largest real estate firm on Capitol Hill; also K. Allan Lovell, Esq., Attorney at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. He says among other things, "My daughter has made steady progress in her studies and I highly commend the college to others." Our school is highly endorsed by Mr. E. H. Warner, of this city, who delivered our annual address at the commencement exercises of the college some years ago. The school is highly endorsed by Mr. John E. Herrell, president National Capital Bank of this city. We have been a depositor with his bank for at least ten years and he knows our financial standing better than any other person. Should you wish to know our standing in the community and our ability to meet all obligations you can obtain that information by addressing Mr. J. E. Herrell. This school is highly commended by Mr. W. D. Campbell, one of the largest lumber dealers in the city. He has sent three young men, in whom he was interested to our school, paying all their expenses, and afterwards wrote us a very fine letter, commending our methods and the efficiency of our teachers. Mr. Conkling, who holds a very responsible position in the Navy Department, sent two sons to our school and has the following to say: "I have visited Wood's Commercial College a number of times and noted the discipline, methods of instruction and work, and I desire to say that the discipline is excellent, the methods of instruction are superior and the work thorough and practical, and of the greatest importance to the business of the country. Surely this institution well deserves the patronage it is receiving." Dr. W. P. C. Hazen, director of National Capital Bank, and one of the most prominent physicians in this city, has written us a letter highly endorsing our school. The school is also highly endorsed by Hon. T. Stobo Farrow, ex-auditor for the War Department, who sent three children to our school, also by Mr. B. W. Dunn, one of the largest and best known coal merchants in Washington, who patronized our school by sending three of his children to us. The college is also recommended by Hon. J. W. Douglas, ex-Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

Here are a few endorsements received recently: Gentlemen—I want to thank you for getting me a position in the office of the Supervisor of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. There are cheaper schools than Wood's Commercial College, but they do not place their graduates in good positions. Your strong point is in looking after your pupils after they become proficient. You do not drop them as soon as they leave the school room. I wish to thank your excellent teachers in the department of shorthand and typewriting. They are unequalled as instructors. Yours truly, WALTER A. ENGLISH. June 29, 1899.

To whom it may concern: From experience I wish to say that any person who desires a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping will do well to attend Wood's Commercial College. The principal is an instructor of many years experience and teaches thoroughly whatever he undertakes. Very respectfully, JAMES BARBER, White House.

Prof. C. F. Wood, 311 E. Capitol Street:

Dear Sir: It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I received my appointment and reported for duty this morning. I passed the examination easily. Respectfully, SALLIE V. KENNER.

For further information call at 311 East Capitol Street, or address the Principal, Court St. Wood.

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Business Men Will Tell You

that they find the greatest difficulty in securing competent help to fill responsible positions which command the best salaries. There are plenty of CHEAP MEN. Plenty of men worth \$1.00 a day, but few can earn \$5.00 a day.

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of sense and refinement who learn shorthand and typewriting thoroughly, can always turn their services into dollars. The Employment Bureau of this College places many young people in good paying situations every year FREE OF CHARGE.

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